

CHANGING

Killer
Kwoloczak

Scarface
Phrank

Baby Face
(Half) Nelson

No Name
Nertz

Lefty
Kozmanovich

Smiley
Granite

Righty
Kozmanovich

Blubber
Hulk

Ramon R.
Ramone

Hector
Lahare


Fearless
Flanigan

"HOCKEY AS WE REMEMBER IT"

November 1974

Volume 1 Number 10

TIMES



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CHANGING TIMES

" HELPING TIME TO SERVE THE INMATE "

Written, edited and produced by inmates, CHANGING TIMES, is intended to act as a medium to bring about a better and lasting understanding among inmates - at the same time being an instrument of communication with the residents of the free world.

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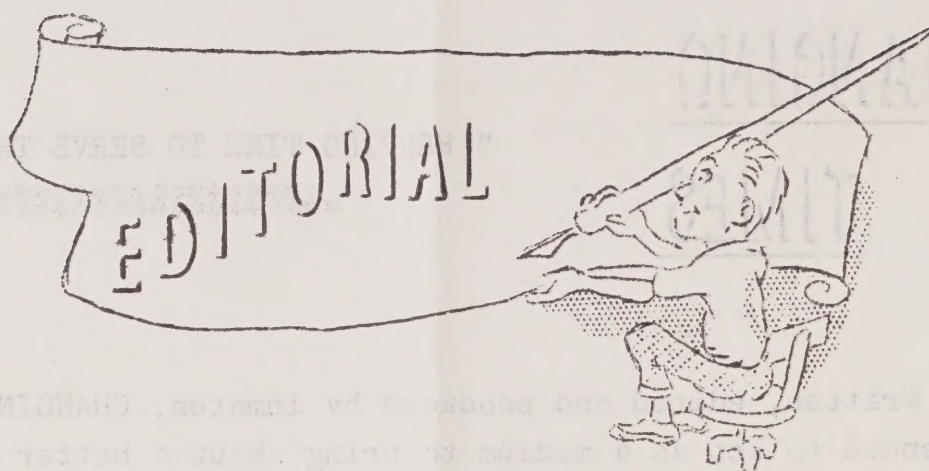
J.D. Clark
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Bob



Rumours may be classified into distinctive types, based on the emotional feelings which underlie them. These types are known as the fear rumours, the hope (or wish) rumours and the hate rumours.

A fear rumour is one that arises from widespread fear that the thing rumoured may be fact. Since fear is frequently thought of as a sign of weakness some people unconsciously welcome any story which might dispel their fear.

The hope (or wish) rumour is the fear of the fear rumour. We tend to believe a story, even if uncorroborated, if we WANT it to be true. Listening to the hope rumours amounts to letting yourself in for a lot of expectations which never seem to happen.

The most vicious of all rumours is the hate rumour, sometimes called "the wedge driver". These are the most dangerous. These are the rumours that destroy morale of the men here and at other prisons.

What makes a person spread rumours? Rumours answer questions. They offer excuses for his action. They relieve his emotions. Rumours make the story-teller seem important. Rumours satisfy our curiosity, and we pass them along to others so that curiosity may be satisfied.

There are those who create rumours out of sheer jealousy of other peoples success and feel the need to defend their inferiority, because of it. They enjoy passing on unfavourable types of rumour about anything to appease their egotism.

The persons "in the know" - who have "the inside story" - who are "first with the news and who are the "Connection Joes" (he's the guy who has the right connections) spread rumours to make themselves the centre of attraction. Unfortunately, to secure prestige, they repeat unfounded and dangerous rumours.

There are no sure ways to control the spreading of rumours, but these suggestions can be helpful. KNOWLEDGE is the greatest of all antidotes for rumours, because rumours originate only when facts are not known. Keep a skeptical attitude until facts are known through proper channels. Be rumour wise. Use a little common sense and reasoning with regard to the rumours you hear. Evaluate rumours. Never accept them on face value alone. One might well test out rumours by the three gates of the wise men of old, which are: "IS IT TRUE? - IS IT KIND? IS IT NECESSARY?"

SUPPORT YOUR FAVORITE CONVICT

THE EXPERTS

by F. Leister, Jr.

[New prisoner enters corridor nervously
approaching scowling con flopped on the floor]

"Hi, man. How are ya?"

"Awrite," the Scowling Con says, smacking a creased cigarette paper across a mound of tobacco in the palm of his left hand. "Ya just in on a chain?" he asks, deftly rolling a butt.

"Yeah," the new man says, flopping down beside the Scowling Con, dropping a large paper sack, a towel and bright orange earphones on the floor.. "Just got in from Toronto. What kinda joint is this anyway? Bad?"

"Are you crazy?" Scowl snaps, sitting up, the creases in his forehead deepening several millimetres. "Man, ain't you ever heard of Kingston?"

"I've heard so much about it I don't know what to believe," the new con says, sighing.

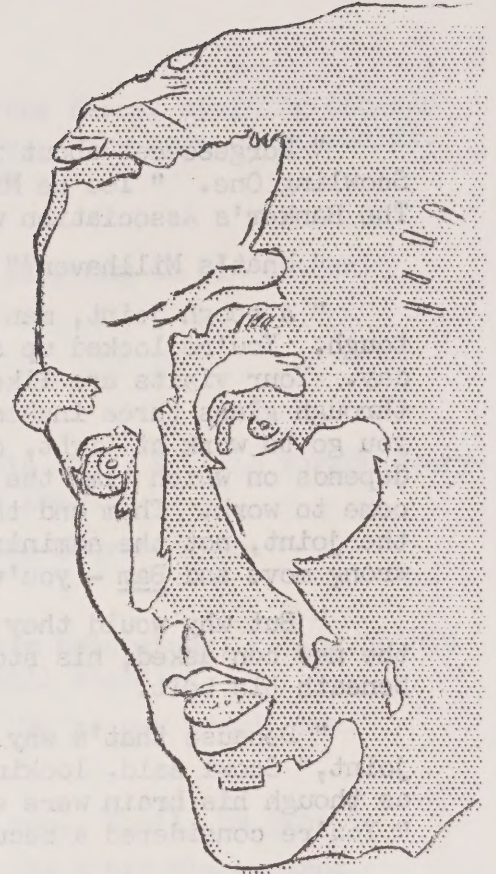
"Whatta ya want ta know?" Scowl says, the tip of his cigarette glowing a bright red as he pulls smoke into the basement of his lungs.

Momentarily the new con hesitated..... Maybe this guy don't know nothing either, he thinks. But hell, he musta been here awhile. His hair is curled over his ears. If that barber out front skinned him the way he did me, he musta been here at least six months. Besides, I can't ask the guards. Who the hell can I ask? This guy must know. "What joint you think I'll go to," he asks earnestly.

"How much time ya got?" the Scowling one asks, flipping his butt against the opposite wall.

"A sawbuck."

"Your beef?"



"A.R."

"A sawbuck. Armed robbery.... There musta been violence, right?"

"No," the new one said quickly.

"Ya didn't smack nobody with ya piece? Shoot nobody?"

"No. No."

"How much bread ya get?"

"About ten thousand."

"They get it back?"

"Nah, not all of it. Just some of it."

"Oh. Oh."

"Does that matter?" the new one asked, pushing his earphones close to the wall.

"Is the Pope Catholic, man?.... Does a bear make in the woods? You kiddin'? Ya damn right it matters. Who'd you rob anyway?"

"A bank."

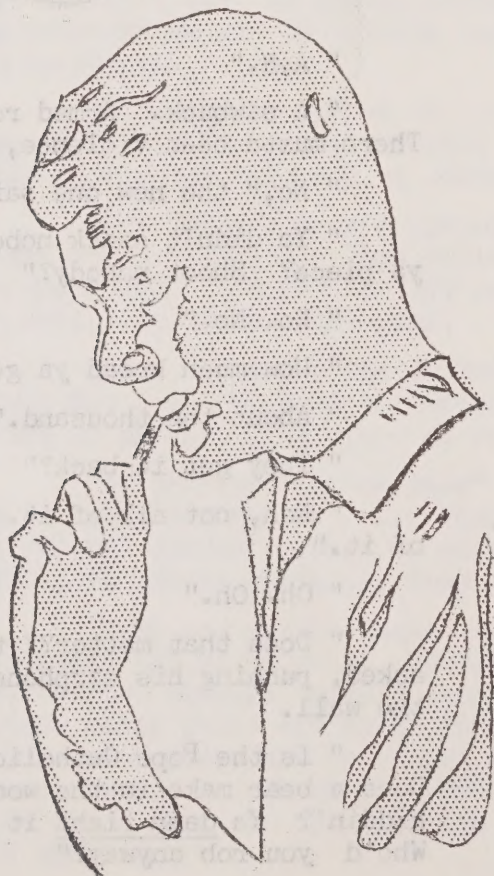
" Forgeeeeeet about it," bellowed the Scowling One. " You're Millhaven material. The Banker's Association will see to that."

" What's Millhaven?"

" A tough joint, man. And I mean tough. You're locked up sixteen hours a day. Your visits are like at the zoo..... through glass three inches thick. Some days you go to work at eight, other days ten. It depends on which time the screws decide to come to work. Them and their union run the joint, not the administration.... One wrong move and Bam - you've had it!"

" But why would they send me there?" the new con asked, his stomach rumbling beneath his belt.

" Because that's why they built the joint," Scowl said, looking at the other as though his brain were encased in wax.. " You're considered a security risk."



" A security risk!" the new con said incredulously. " Hell, I heard in Toronto if you come here with a good attitude, work hard, you can earn your way to a nice prison, maybe even get a pass with your family."

"Ha. Ha. Ha," laughed Scowl.....

" Forgeeeeeet about it. Passes are for punks. Believe you me, no one with your beef is going to get a pass."

" What about a parole?"

" What about it?"

" Some guys told me if you build a good record for one third of your bit, you can make what they call National Parole."

" Whoever told you that had a screw loose," Scowl snapped, pouring another mound of tobacco into his hand. " Is this your first beef?"

" Yeah."

" Well, you might make it.... But not after one third. Whad'ya say ya got, a sawbuck?"

" Yeah."

" Maybe, just maybe, if you " re lucky, you might make it in four, four and a half. You won't do more than five for sure."

" But I heard it costs twelve thousand dollars a year to keep us here..... Don't they care about that?"

" You kiddin'," Scowl said, lighting his cigarette. " You smoke?" he asked offering a crumpled bag of tobacco to the new con. " You ever hear the government worryin' about money?"

" No - no thanks. I smoke but I don't want one now. My stomach's upset."

" Let's hope it's not cancer," Scowl said lowering his voice surreptitiously.

" What do you mean?"

" Have you been to the hospital here?" Scowl asked in an almost inaudible voice.

" No, why?"

" You'll see. God have mercy on your stomach!"

At that moment a young guard walked up to the cell-block gate and yelled for the Scowling Con.

" Okay, I'm comin'," the con grumbled, rising from the floor, stuffing tobacco bag and matches into his pocket. " Well, I gotta go, man. Take care of yourself.. Welcome to Kingston. Where ya from anyway?"

" The States."

" You mean you're a Yank?" the Scowling Con asked, stopping in his tracks.

" Yeah, why?"

" Forgeeeeeet about it, man. You're in trouble."

" What do you mean?"

" Because they're hell on Yanks up here, man. That's why. You can forget everything except Millhaven. They write you guys off. Why I imagine....."

" Okay, let's go!" the guard yelled, interrupting the conversation.

" See ya, Yank," the con said, running for the gate.

" Okay. So long," the new man mumbled, gathering his belongings, rising to his feet. He walked back to the gate where the guard was still standing.

" How're you doing?" the officer said, smiling. " You're new aren't you?"

" Yes, sir. Just got in from Toronto."

" Well, it's not too bad. Just do what's asked of you. You'll be okay."

" I hope so," the new man replied. " I must admit I'm a bit discouraged."

" I'm sure you are. Prison is never a pleasant place," the officer said. "You just have to make the best of it."

" You hear so many rumors here."

" I'm sure you do," the guard replied, scratching the side of his nose....."You take Andino there, the guy I just let through the gate. Two days ago he was depressed as hell because of rumors he heard. Hell, maybe he still is for all I know. That's where he's gone now. Lectures by staff members. Many questions will be answered for him."

" You mean that guy who ~~just~~ went through the ~~gate~~?"

" Yeah. The one talking to you."

" But I thought he had been here awhile."

" Nah. He's been in every county jail around here but it's his first time at Kingston. Hell, he just got here Thursday."

" But his hair....."

" Oh that. They're treating a scalp condition he has. His hair can't be cut yet."

" I see," the new con mumbled, shifting his belongings to his left hand. "When will I hear those lectures?"

" Very soon," the officer replied. " May start tomorrow."

" Could I get in my cell, please?" the con asked.

" Sure. Why not?" the officer said, smiling, pulling a large key from his belt...

" What cell you in?" He opened the corridor gate and stepped inside.

" Fourteen. I want to write home." As the officer locked him in the new con flopped onto his bunk. His stomach was still bothering him but not as much. His wife would be glad to know everything was all right.

FOOTNOTE:

Some of us scoff at and during the lectures and tests given new prisoners at K.P.. I, for one, and I'm a new prisoner here, want to go on record as stating that I appreciate both the lectures and the tests. The more the better. There is nothing more demoralizing or disheartening than the hundreds of ill-founded, misleading rumors - spewed forth by "the experts" who, in reality know little of what they speak. The preceding scenario is more fact than fiction. For some reason some "experts" are simply afraid to say " I don't know the answer to your question."

F.L.



AIMLESS CHATTER

WITH BOB

I keep reading in the paper where Canada keeps sending Ambassadors, etc. abroad. Why don't they send us one of these broads once in awhile?....Who can blame them for getting it, but do you really think any pro athlete is worth \$100,000. a year?..... According to a couple of "old timers", it was

suggested in the early '50's that the front drive be adorned with ornamental evergreens. It happened - two weeks ago!.....Would you buy the Million Dollar man - even at wholesale prices?.....I see where our fair neighbours to the South have ensured that the U.S. will win the Little League World Series from now on. How? They barred everyone else? How about that for good old ingenuity?....."J.J." is disenchanted with "Good Times" according to the latest news. Same old story. Instant success equals inflated egos.....The Penitentiary officials have prevented the Olympic '76 organization from planting trees near our West wall! They simply have no sense of humor.....Our Jr. Canadiens are off to a flying start. Hope they can keep it up - but it's a long season..... Overheard on Remembrance Day: (1st Guard) "What's the holiday for?" (2nd guard) "Lest we forget Day - or something!". My comment is not necessary..... Did you ever get the idea that our Rec. Bldg. is beginning to look like the inside of the tombs?.....Does this watered-down version of N.H.L. hockey really turn you on?.....Special note to "my" teams. First, to the Argo's: "It could have been worse. You could have MADE the playoffs." To the Maple Leafs: "Hit, you fools!".....Petrocelli will make it..... To the many who have enquired (thanks, fella!) our Library is being held up by an over abundance of red tape. So, what else is new?....Bye now!

SPORTSCOPE

by "ALKY"

" FLYERS GET WINGS CLIPPED "

The Flyers, although smaller and much lighter, used their speed to give the Bears a good run for their money.

The first period saw the teams see-saw back and forth with some good floor hockey and solid checking with the end result a one to one tie, on goals by the Flyer's Vincent and the Bears' Spoon.

Bears opened up a slight three to two lead in the second period as Doucette and Spoon connected. Dillon answered for the Flyers.

Third period let-down set in for the Flyers, and although Volpe and Collett lit the light, the Bears wrapped it up on two more from Spoon and one from Peters.

Stars of the game were Spoon for the Bears and Volpe for the Flyers.

" BEARS TAKEN FOR RIDE BY BRONCOS "

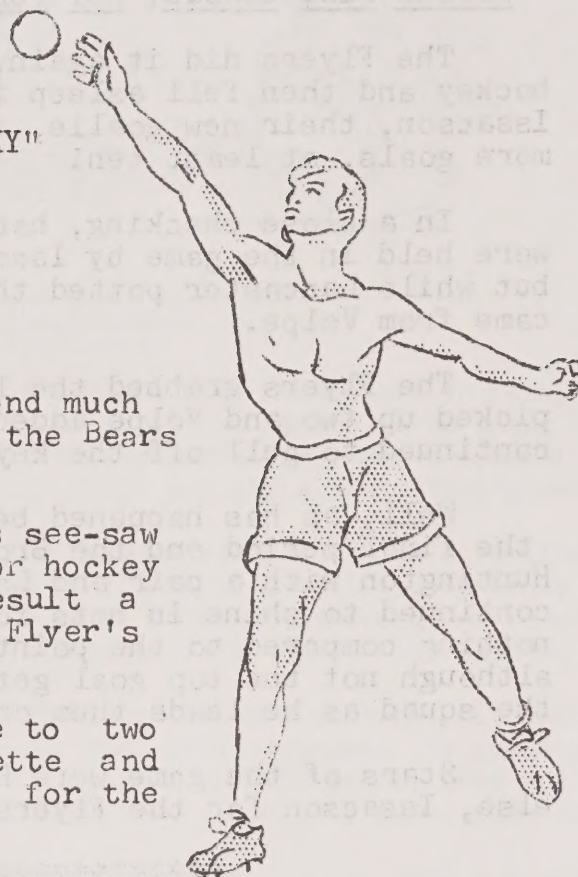
Yeoman's Bears finally came up a loser in a wide open game that the spectators considered the best game yet of this young season.

Bears took a two to one lead on goals by Jeffries and Spoon. The lone tally for the Broncos came from the stick of Lavalley.

The second period saw a complete reversal of the Bears' normal play and Lancaster rammed in four goals with Lavalley notching his second. Spoon's lone goal for the Bears left the score 6 to 3 at the end of two periods.

Things didn't get any better for the Bears in the final period as the Broncos added six more - Lancaster (3) White, Lavalley and Robinson. The Bears answered with three, one each from Doucette, Paquin and Spoon to bring the final score to 12 to 6 for the Bronco's.

Stars of the game were Lancaster for the Broncos and Racine for the Bears.



" FLYERS FIND GOALIE, BUT FOLD IN THIRD "

The Flyers did it again. Played two periods of good, tight hockey and then fell asleep in the third. If it hadn't been for Issacson, their new goalie, the Broncos would have scored a lot more goals, at least ten!

In a close checking, hard played first stanza, the Flyers were held in the game by Issacson who made some beautiful saves, but while Lancaster potted three for the Broncos, the only reply came from Volpe.

The Flyers grabbed the lead in the second period as Dillon picked up two and Volpe added his second of the night. Issacson continued to pull off the key saves.

Well, as has happened before, the Flyers ran out of steam in the final period and the Broncos notched seven unanswered goals, Huntington with a pair and Lancaster with a big five. Issacson continued to shine in nets for the Flyers, as the seven goals were nothing compared to the point blank saves he made. Huntington - although not the top goal getter on the Broncos, is the heart of the squad as he leads them on both defense and offense.

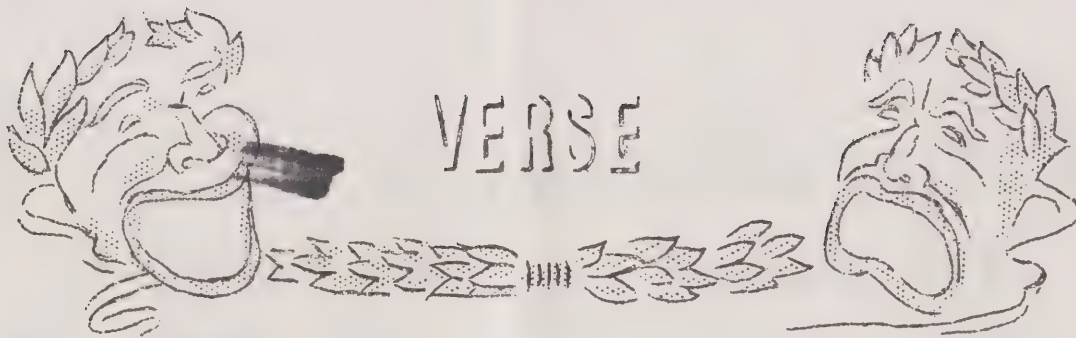
Stars of the game were Hintington for the Broncos and, who else, Issacson for the Flyers.

STANDINGS AS OF OCT. 28/74

TEAM	P	W	L	T	GF	GA	PTS
BRONCOS	4	3	1	0	36	20	6
BEARS	3	2	1	0	20	20	4
FLYERS	3	1	2	0	15	19	2
EAGLES	1	0	1	0	2	10	0
LIONS	1	0	1	0	(Team Disbanded)		

TOP FIVE SCORERS AS OF OCT. 28/74

		GOALS	ASSISTS	POINTS
Lancaster	Broncos	17	3	20
Spoon	Bears	12	6	18
Huntington	Broncos	3	8	11
Lavalley	Broncos	6	1	7
Dillon	Flyers	4	2	6
Vincent	Flyers	2	4	6
Volpe	Flyers	5	1	6



THAT'S MY WIFE
by F. Leister, Jr.

Like blowing wind to kiss the tree,
A rippling brook to feed the sea;
A little child, a bumblebee,
That's my wife.

A fluffy cloud up in the sky,
A crimson rose that grows so high;
A homemade, steaming apple pie,
That's my wife.

A tiny grain of yellow sand,
A rich green field in every land;
All the mountains, soaring grand,
That's my wife.

Each night before I go to sleep,
I try my best not to weep;
But ask our God to kindly keep,
My love within her heart.
Then I dream -- of Rachel, My wife.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is the kindness
That preachers preach about;
The sort of inner goodness
That teachers teach about.
Friendship is the company
That loneliness desires.
The good old fashioned wisdom
That everyone admires.
Friendship is the gladness
Of love and unselfish giving,
Friendship is the sweetness
That makes a life worth living.

(Anonymous)

WHY NOT WRITE TO
A LOVED ONE TODAY

THE FATALIST
by Mickey

It must be nice to believe in Fate,
It excuses your faults, even being late;
No matter your loss, even a special date,
You smile and shrug, say "That's just Fate."

I'd never pass the test as a fatalist,
To me the world's reality, it truly does exist;
There is no right or wrong, no love, no hate,
Your path can't change, for this is Fate.

I believe each man controls his destiny,
Look deep inside, unmask the mystery;
You'll find war and peace, love and hate,
Things that shape your life, none called Fate.

Why is it today, we all need a crutch,
Do the thoughts of your neighbor mean so much;
Satisfy the world? Do not hesitate --
Just spit in the eye of Fate.

Yet, as I write, I with myself debate,
And ask "Is there such a thing as fate?"
Am I really following a well laid plan?
Can one really make himself a man?

MY GOLDEN STAR
by F. Leister Jr.

Your love is like the whispering wind,
A breeze upon my face;
A golden star that God has sent,
All wrapped in flowing lace.

I try to touch, I cannot see,
The texture of your love;
But, then again, the breeze and wind,
Lift high the soaring dove.

If God would grant one final wish,
That wish for me would be;
To always have you as my wife,
A Golden Star to me.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON ~~THE~~

THE TORONTO JAIL AND CUSTODIAL SERVICES

THIS IS A TRUE COPY, reprinted in its entirety at the request of The Administration.

By Order-in-Council dated the 9th day of October 1974, His Honour Judge B. Barry Shapiro was appointed a Commissioner to inquire into and report upon

- (1) recent allegations by Gary William Stewart Dassy and Jane Charlotte Mannerholm of mistreatment of inmates of the Toronto Jail by the use of unnecessary force and/or physical assaults upon such inmates and, if necessary, evidence of similar acts,
- (2) the role and function of the correctional officers at that institution,
- (3) the particular service demands upon the staff of that institution,
- (4) the methods of recruitment, selection, orientation and training of correctional officers at that institution,

and to make such recommendations in relation to the above paragraphs as are deemed appropriate.

N O T I C E

Any person wishing to communicate information, or to make oral or written submissions (including briefs) to the Royal Commission on any matter within its terms of reference is asked to write to:

The Secretary
The Royal Commission on the Toronto
Jail and Custodial Services
Suite 305, 145 Queen Street West
Toronto, Ontario M5H 2N9
Telephone (416) 965-3211

All such communications are to be placed in pre-addressed Commission envelopes and sealed by the author. The envelope will be forwarded unopened directly to the Commission. The envelopes are available upon request from the Superintendent.

Public hearings are scheduled to commence on Wednesday, November 6th 1974 at 10.00 a.m. in Court Room No. 4, 4th Floor, 145 Queen Street, West, Toronto, Ontario.

Dated at the Municipality of
Metropolitan Toronto, in the
Province of Ontario, this
28th day of October, 1974.

J. Wm. Lidstone
Executive Secretary



A fast look at any thesauras will show the syhonym for enter-tainment to be "amuse", "regale", "divert", etc, etc....

As far as the inmates of this institution, and most of the other area institutions are concerned, the only synonym that could possibly apply would be " Joe Woodhouse ".

As Joe has "retired" again, an in-depth look at this man is to be a forthcoming feature. This month will be devoted to his final show here at our government grotto.

Even though not feeling as well as he would care to, it was an impossibility to keep to the sidelines for Joe.

After being introduced by Orv. Wainman, Joe came up with a few of his down-to-earth and rib-tickling jokes. Sorry I am unable to repeat them here: we would be banned, not only from the shelves in Boston, but also Kingston, Gananoque and Yarker!

Just to prove that he has not lost his voice, Joe let go with a very passable rendition of My Blue Heaven, providing a fine self-accompaniment on the piano.

A fine performer retaining self composure of the old days.

One of the more popular and busier groups around Kingston is The Tony Frazao Trio. Their work as solo performers as well as a strong back up group displayed a graphic answer as to why.

Tony has got about as nice a touch as anyone around in the piano-styling field. When you back his talent with Bill Bosworth and drums and Jack McGrattan on bass guitar, it simply has to be a winner : and it was.

With renditions of St. Louis Blues and Won't You Come Home , Bill Bailey, Tony and the gang had every foot in the joint in tempo with their solid beat.

Jack Mc Grattan is certainly no stranger around here. He has

been coming in here with shows for a good many years, and has never yet failed to please and impress.

Bill Bosworth was a new face as far as I am concerned, but I won't forget him for a few eons. Although really not a steady member of the trio, it was readily evident that he is at home with any group. On top of the steady beat he provided all through the show, his solo work left little to be desired.

The distaff side was very well represented by another of our "old timers" (I expect to hear about that!) Rita McGrattan. Rita is the better half of the family and by far the best looking. She's sure got better legs than that bass player she hangs around with!

Rita sang I Left My Heart In San Francisco and She Goes Ah! with all the aplomb she has shown here so often. Thanks for a few eye-filling minutes, Rita.



Barry Dale can be seen on CKWS-TV as "Harrigan" - a bit of an Irish lad as he regales the small fry with his shenanigans. The Barry Dale we saw here bore little resemblance.

Displaying a very opulent voice and stage manner, it was a pleasure to hear his renditions of King Of The Road and Mack The Knife.

Just to show his versaility, Barry then took over a clarinet

and, along with Tony and the boys played some real mean swing.

Besides being a talented guy, Barry is a personable young man... Let's hope it isn't too long before he pays us another visit.



Three of the "ugliest broads" imaginable took over the stage for two numbers - and brought down the house.

Miming to The Andrew Sisters on The Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy and Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree it was hilarious to see Dennis Curtis, Norm Nurmi and John Davies going through their paces.

Can you imagine three fully grown men, two sporting chin foliage, wearing bobby-sox and skirts (and not a decent pair of legs between them!) caboriting around the stage? It was priceless.

Norm and John have worked the summer in the Tent Theatre here in Kingston and I can readily understand why they have had such reviews for their talent.

Dennis Curtis is no stranger here, even to the newcomers. As an artist, he has appeared many times on our stage. As a working stiff, he is here every second week as a counsellor for The Manpower Train-

ing Branch (Ontario).

Whatever their vocation, or avocation, these three proved to be more than capable performers. Thanks, fellas.

Any show must have a guiding hand - someone to get the acts on and off without delay, all the time filling in any gaps with a joke, etc.. In this case it was Orv. Wainman.

Besides his chore as M.C., Orv. also showed a pretty fair set of tonsils as he sang I Did It My Way, played the part of a drunk and generally carried out a difficult chore with ease. This was the first time I have ever had the pleasure of meeting Orv., but I hope it won't be the last.

Thanks again, to all of you. You took a rather dull day and turned it into an afternoon of enjoyment.

I do not know if this is REALLY Joe's swan song. I hope it is! For more years than most of us want to admit, this man has been bringing shows in, paying literally thousands of dollars of his own money in expenses - with no desire for any return.

You've earned a rest, Joe. Sit back and let someone else do it. But, whether you bring a show or not, I can assure you that you will always be welcome here.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Beef # 1

In all the shows I have seen in here, I have yet to see one that was so totally unprepared for. I do not know who was to blame, and it really does not matter now. It is regrettable that it happened and I trust some steps will be taken to ensure that it does not happen again.

Beef # 2

Likewise, in all the shows I have seen in here, that is the first time I have seen the audience simply walk out as soon as the final number was over. Everyone said it was a good show - but no one wanted to wait around and hear any "thank you's" expressed. Come on, guys! These people give of their free time to come and entertain us.

SPECIAL NOTICE

HOPEFULLY WITHIN THE NEXT FEW DAYS, WE SHOULD HAVE SOME GOOD NEWS FOR YOU FROM CHANGING TIMES. NO, I'M NOT LEAVING (it isn't that good!) BUT IT SHOULD COME AS A BIG SURPRISE TO A GREAT MANY.

IN CASE YOU AREN'T READING THIS RIGHT NOW, RUN OUT AND BUY A COPY SO YOU WILL KNOW WHAT I AM TALKING ABOUT!

OLD KINGSTON TOWN

by Jim Bourgeois

I WAS BORN IN AN ONTARIO CITY,
A CITY YOU ALL KNOW WELL;
BROUGHT UP BY HONEST PARENTS,
AND THE TRUTH TO YOU, I TELL.

BROUGHT UP BY HONEST PARENTS,
AND RAISED MOST TENDERLY;
'TILL I BECAME A SPORTING LAD,
AT THE AGE OF TWENTY THREE.

MY CHARACTER WAS THEN TAKEN,
AND I WAS SENT TO JAIL;
MY PEOPLE TRIED TO BAIL ME OUT,
BUT ALL TO NO AVAIL.

THE JUDGE HE FOUND ME GUILTY,
THE CLERK HE WROTE IT DOWN;
AND I WAS SENT TO SERVE MY TIME,
IN A "PEN" IN KINGSTON TOWN.

I SAW MY DEAR OLD FATHER,
JUST STANDING IN DESPAIR;
LIKEWISE MY DEAR OLD MOTHER,
JUST PULLING OUT HER HAIR.

PULLING OUT THOSE OLD GRAY HAIRS,
AS TEARS CAME ROLLING DOWN;
"OH, SON, MY SON, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
TO COME TO KINGSTON TOWN?"

NOW WHEN I GAIN MY FREEDOM,
BAD FRIENDS I'LL SURELY SHUN;
NO PLAYING CARDS OR ROLLING DICE,
I'LL STAY AWAY FROM RUM.

NOW YOU WHO HAVE YOUR FREEDOM,
STICK AT IT IF YOU CAN;
AND DON'T STAY OUT TOO LATE AT NIGHT,
TO BREAK THE LAWS OF MAN.

FOR IF YOU DO YOU'LL SURELY RUIN,
AND FIND YOURSELF LIKE ME;
SERVING TWENTY YEARS, PLUS ONE,
IN THE PENITENTIARY.

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

6



" WHEN A MAN IS DISCHARGED FROM PRISON, SHOULD HE RETURN TO THE LOCALE IN WHICH HE WAS ARRESTED OR SHOULD HE MAKE A FRESH START? WHY ?"

It is my opinion that a person SHOULD NOT return to the area where he was arrested - unless that person has family obligations there.

Even then, I feel that he should try to make arrangements to have his family moved to another town or city to live. If a person doesn't want any trouble, why go back to old friends and habits - either which could possibly sent him here in the first place.

Although we may think that we are forgotten at times, people out there do not forget us. They don't remember the good things about us, only the bad things - and there is no way they are going to trust us.

The police love to harass people, particularly if that person is an ex-con. If they happen to know you, who do you think would be the first person they would pick up for questioning if there was a crime committed within ten miles of you? I don't need or want that kind of trouble. I'm paying for what I did: I don't want to keep of paying for it after I get out.

Barry Hebden

I feel that a man SHOULD BE ABLE to return to his own hometown. As to why - because of his family and life-long friends.

In proving to himself that he is a changed man, it could mean a lot for his family and friends to see this change. It would also enable them to assist him in adjusting to the conformity of society.

BUT, I also feel that the people of society need extreme education in the ways of helping an ex-inmate to conform to the life style of society. The lack of knowledge and understanding in society is outrageous.

"Southern Boy"

Being a "first timer" this question has often crossed my mind; the decision to return home or leave for greener pastures is a difficult one as I would not know what to expect from the community in which I once lived.

I do feel, however, that if a man has his family backing him, any difficulties he might encounter in the future would be more easily overcome. If, on the other hand, he is alone and he knows what to expect from past experiences then his decision to go or stay can only be based on these experiences.

E.G. Robinson

Myself, I think when a man is discharged from prison he SHOULD NOT go to the place of his arrest because the police more than likely will remember him. If something should happen, they will more than likely be around to see him.

Even if he didn't have anything to do with it they will try their utmost to get him for something. I am speaking with regards one of our larger metro police forces and that is why I think a man should make a fresh start in a new town.

John Tierney

In the face of it, this seems like a very easy, straight forward question but in reality there are too many improbables involved to allow for an easy answer. The answer may well depend on many things.

1. The press coverage and/or notoriety of the original charge.
2. Whether the man came from a small community where everyone and everything is known or from a major city where most people are impersonal.
3. If he has a family or friends to help him or if he must stand alone.
4. And probably the most important, the man's plans and aspirations and where he will have the best chance of carrying them out.

This question therefore can only be answered by each man as an individual with his individual problems, aspirations and hopes to guide him and in most cases I would feel that he should probably return to the area he knows, whether or not he was arrested there.

He is going to have a tough enough time acclimatizing himself again to society without the added burden of strange surroundings.. At least in his home community he knows the most likely places to obtain work, the best areas to find a place to live and is not a complete stranger. An unknown city could add a tremendous burden to an already heavy load.

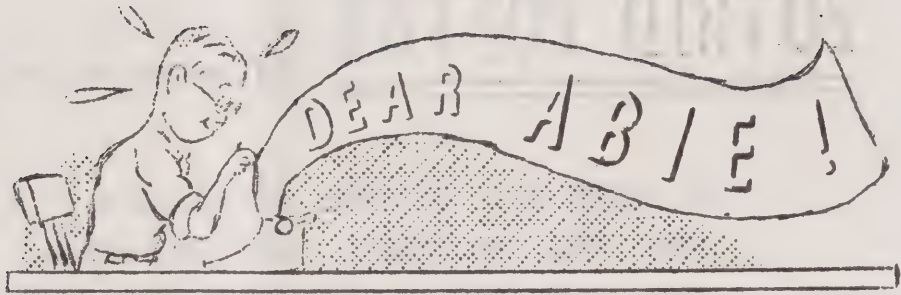
Al. Thompson

The answer to this question depends on whether or not the person(s) concerned wants to make a fresh start or not.

Most people when returning to their old stamping grounds will usually associate with the same people and are, I think, more likely to return to their old habits. On the other hand, a person who wants to make a fresh start would do it with new people and a new environment in the hopes of changing himself from his old ways.

For one who really wants a fresh start to last, he really has to change himself. He must notice that change himself and make that change evident to everyone else. I would have to go along with making a fresh start where everything is new. Everyone is capable of learning no matter their age or of how long they have been locked up.

David Place



EVERYONE HAS READ THE COLUMNS OF ANN LANDERS AND "DEAR ABBY" - BUT WHAT OF THE LETTERS THEY DO NOT, OR CAN NOT ANSWER? TO FILL A VOID SUCH AS THIS, WE PRESENT "ABIE"

DEAR ABIE:

My husband has got me worried. He keeps going to the track, not to bet but to race! Last week he leaped over the rail and ran after the horses. Luckily, he slipped in the mud before he got too far. Shall I have him committed or what?

Mrs. D. Double

DEAR MRS. D.

TRY HIM ON A **FAST TRACK** AND, IF HE'S ANY GOOD, PUT TWO BUCKS ON HIM FOR ME.

DEAR ABIE:

My daughter has me worried. She's blonde, 5'9", 126 lbs., 36-24-34 and is very good looking. But ever since her Uncle died and left her six liquor stores, I just can't get her to stop chasing guys. I know you from your column and trust you. I'll do whatever you suggest.

Desperate

DEAR "DES"

BRING YOUR DAUGHTER, AND A MINISTER TO MY OFFICE TOMORROW AT TEN AND I'LL HAVE THE MARRIAGE LICENCE ALL READY!

DEAR ABIE:

My social life is horrible; in fact, it's nearly nil. My problem is my weight but I just can't stop eating. Can you help me?

Heavy Eater

DEAR HEAVY:

I got a sure shot cure for your problem. It'll help two ways. Follow my directions: Mix 1 can of Metrecal, 6 ounces of whisky, 2 ounces of Russian Oil and three drops of Spanish Fly.....Take three times a day for thirty days.

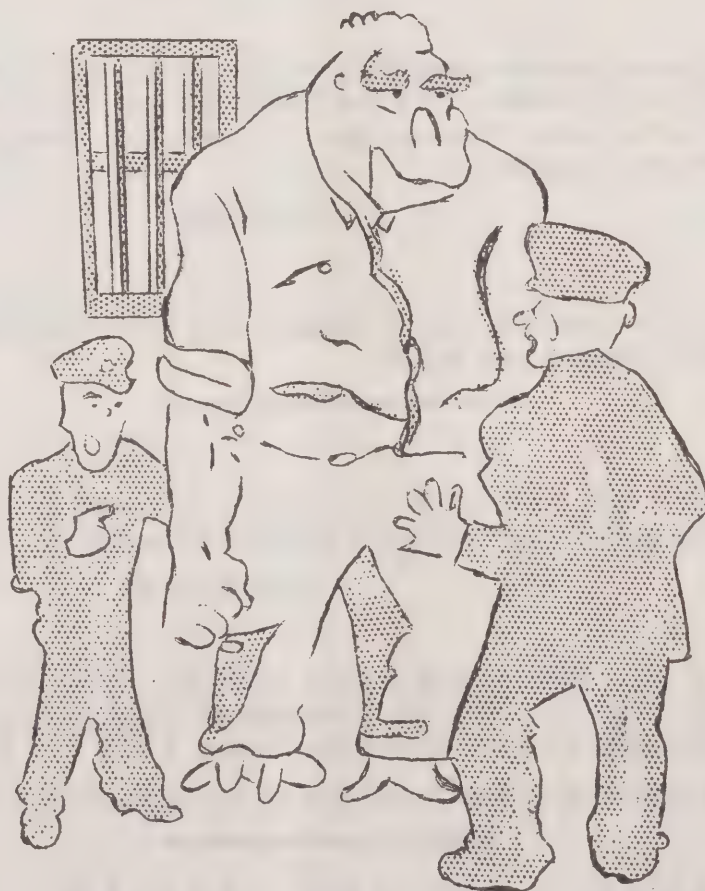
At the end of the month, you'll be the skinniest, sexiest alcoholic in town!

KEEP THOSE LETTERS COMIN', FOLKS !

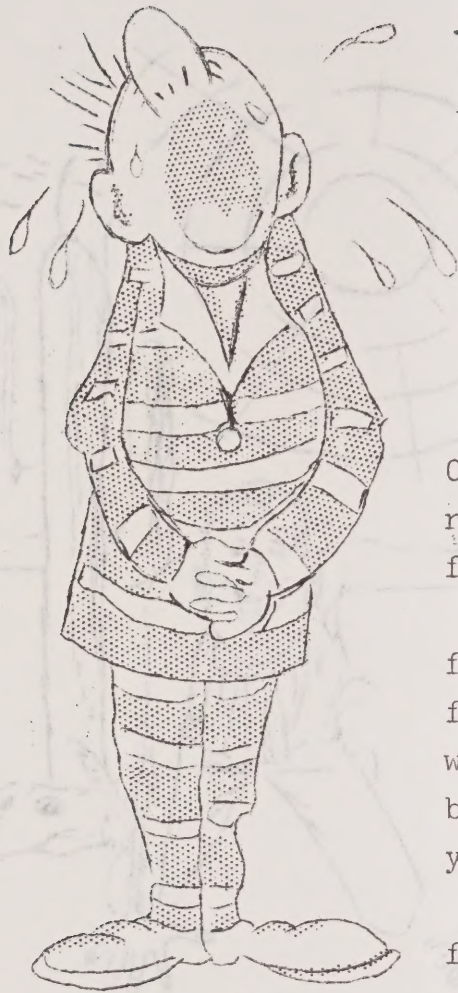
PUTRID POETRY

[from the pen (ball point) of our Poet Lariat]

I THINK THAT I SHALL NEVER SEE -
THAT BALE OF WEED I LENT TO THEE -
THAT BALE THAT I IN DREAMS HAVE SPENT -
FOR VARIED FORMS OF MERRIMENT -
FOR ITS RETURN, I HAD GREAT HOPE -
BUT, I'M AN OPTOMISTIC DOPE -
FOR WEED THAT'S LENT TO FOLKS LIKE THEE -
IS NOT RETURNED TO FOOLS LIKE ME !



" THE HELL YOU SAY. YOU SHOW
HIM WHERE HIS CELL IS ! "



THE CRYING CORNER

by Mickey

Well, Christmas is almost upon us. Christmas - the season of giving and receiving presents. Also, the season for love of your fellow man.

I think the greatest gift possible for anyone in here would be the gift of freedom. I know that a small minority will be receiving this gift - and the best wishes of all of us follow you beyond the high wall.

The second gift, in lieu of the first, would be a Temporary Absence Leave of three days so we could be with our families and friends over the festive season. I know also that a limited number (a small percentage) will receive this gift and we hope they enjoy the holiday in the bosom of their family.

Now we come to the third gift which could, as a matter of fact, SHOULD be granted to the bulk of inmates who remain behind bars over the holidays. This is the right to an open visit with someone close to you.

Some of the inmates in our institutions have no living relatives. Still others have been disowned by them - which leaves only friends to visit.

There must be a way to stretch silly rules and regulations to allow, at this very special time of the year, the right of a man to spend some open time with the person or persons closest to him. This would be covering two parts of the Christmas spirit - giving your gift and showing love for your fellow man. We, the recipients of your generosity, in turn would give you our heartfelt thanks and maybe, in turn, it would have some far-reaching effect in our fight for rehabilitation.

May the God of your choice look after you in this season of miracles and, from me to you, a Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.



READERS OF DISTINCTION

WE ARE INDEED FORTUNATE TO HAVE WITH US THIS MONTH, TWO FAMOUS EXPLORERS, THE NELSON BROTHERS - FULL AND HALF. THIS IS THEIR UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.

"I'd crawl on my hands and knees through any type of terrain just to get my copy of CHANGING TIMES," said Full.

"I was very disappointed when I could not find a copy during our recent trip through the Sahara," joined in Half.

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